

# In Recital

An Afternoon of Brahms *Lieder*

**Jorgianne Talbot, soprano**

assisted by

**Roger Admiral, piano**

**Saturday, April 26, 2003 at 2:00 pm**



**Arts Building  
University of Alberta**



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**

## **Program**

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Dein Blaues Auge, Op. 59, No. 8 (1873)

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105, No. 1 (1886)

Sonntag, Op. 47, No. 3 (1868)

Ständchen, Op. 106, No. 1 (1886)

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück, Op. 63, No. 8 (1874)

Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2 (1864)

Wie bist du meine Königin, Op. 32, No. 9 (1864)

Wir Wandelten, Op. 96, No. 2 (1884)

Von Ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1 (1864)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for Music 506 for Ms Talbot.

Ms Talbot is the recipient of the Csardas Ball Society Scholarship (\$6000) to study at the Kodaly Pedagogical Institute of Music in Kecskemet, Hungary. She will be leaving September 2003.

Many thanks and much appreciation to Harold Wiens for his time and guidance.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.



## Translations

### Dein Blaues Auge/Your Blue Eyes

Klaus Groth

Your eyes of blue remain so still, into their depths I gaze. You ask me what I wish to see? I'm gazing to be healed. I have been burnt by two ardent eyes, the hurt of it pains still: your eyes are serene as a lake, and as a lake as cool.

### Wie Melodien zieht es mir/Like a Melody is Passes

Klaus Groth

Like a melody it passes softly through my mind, as spring flowers it blooms and as scent floats away. But words come and seize it, bring it before the eye, and vanishes like a breath. And yet in rhyme reposes, concealed, a scent, which gently out of silent bud is summoned by a moist eye.

### Sonntag/Sunday

Ludwig Uhland

So all the week I've not seen my dear love, on a Sunday I saw her standing at her door: my darling love, my darling sweet, would God, I were with her today! So all the week I'll not cease to laugh, on a Sunday I saw her going to church: my darling love, my darling sweet, would God, I were with her today!

### Ständchen/Serenade

Franz Kugler

The moon is over the mountain, so right for people in love; in the garden purls a fountain; otherwise - silence far and wide. By the wall, in shadow, there three students stand, with flute and fiddle and zither, and sing and play. The music steals softly into the loveliest lady's dreams; at her blond lover she gazes, and whispers, "Forget me not!"

### O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück/Oh, If I But Knew the Way

Klaus Groth

Oh, if I but knew the way, the sweet way back to childhood's land! Oh, why did I seek for happiness, leaving hold of my mother's hand? Oh, how I long to take rest, by all striving unaroused, and shut tight my weary eyes, softly blanketed in love. And search for nothing, watch for nothing, dream only light and gentle dreams; see not the changing of time, for a second time, a child. Oh, show me then the way, the sweet way back to childhood's land! I seek for happiness in vain, ringed around by a desolate shore!

### Die Mainacht/The May Night

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Holty

When the silver moon shines through the shrubs, scattering its slumbering light on the grass, and the nightingale flutes, sadly, from bush to bush, I wander. By foliage concealed, a pair of doves coo out to me their ecstasy; but I turn away, seek deeper shade, and a solitary tear flows. When, O smiling image, that like dawn irradiates my soul, shall I find you on earth? And that solitary tear trembles the hotter down my cheek!

### Wie bist du meine Königin/How Blissful, My Queen

Georg Friedrich Daumer

How blissful, my queen, you are by reason of your gentle goodness! Merely smile, and spring scents waft through my soul blissfully! The glow of roses freshly blown - shall I compare it to your own? Ah, more blissful than all that blooms is your blissful bloom! Roam through desert wastes, green shade will spread around - though fearful there the heat and endless - blissfully! Let me die in your arms! In them will death itself - though death's sharpest agony rage in the breast - blissful be!

### Wir Wandelten/We Wandered

Georg Friedrich Daumer

We wandered, we two, together, I so still and you so still; much I'd have given to know what your thoughts were then. What mine were - unspoken let that stay. Just this I'll say: so beautiful was all I thought, so celestially serene! In my head those thoughts chimed like tiny golden bells; as wondrously sweet and lovely is no other sound on earth.

## **Von Ewiger Liebe / Of Eternal Love**

Josef Wenzig

Dark, how dark in wood and field! Evening it is, now  
silent the world. Nowhere a light still, nowhere smoke,  
yes, and the lark is now silent too. Out of the village  
comes the boy, walking his beloved home, he leads her  
past the willow bushes, talking much and of many things:  
"If you suffer shame and are troubled, suffer shame from  
others for my sake, let our love be ended so  
swiftly, so swiftly as earlier we were united; with rain  
depart, with wind depart, as quickly as earlier we were  
united." Says the maiden, the maiden says, "Our love will  
never end! Steel is strong, and iron is, very - even stronger  
is our love. Iron and steel may be forged  
anew - our love, who can change it? Iron and steel, they  
may melt - our love must endure forever!"

Translations taken from:

**The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder**